

The Independent

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It is said by Secretary Carlisle that no bond issue will be made unless the condition of the treasury demands it. The syndicate formed to buy the bonds will see to it that the condition of the treasury is such in a very short time that the bond issue will be necessary.

It is not unlikely that the promulgation of the improved Monroe doctrine, by inciting monarchial Europe to a beligerent attitude, will result in the building of fortifications and a United States navy such as never would have been built had not this or some other equally grave reason served to greatly exaltate matters.

The American people should carefully read and digest all the different sides of the financial question. It is a duty they owe, not only to themselves but their families. Then when the time arrives to vote upon this important issue they should be patriotic enough to lay aside party prejudice and vote as their conscience dictates.

The following telegraphic report which is stripped of partisanship gives a bird's-eye view regarding the gold reserve and the prospective issue. In speaking of the matter it says: "There is no way for the president to get around the situation. J. Pierpont Morgan and his associated bankers have practically got a corner on gold. Outside of New York it is believed that the whole country could not muster \$50,000,000 in gold."

Young man, bear this thought ever in mind: The world owes you a living, but you must act as your own agent in collecting the debt. To collect the debt in full, will keep you hustling twelve or fourteen hours a day, but don't get discouraged. Keep at it persistently, no matter how many rebuffs you receive. The world hates to pay its debts, but when it sees that you are in earnest and determined to have your own, you will be paid a hundred cents on the dollar, and the money deposited in a national bank subject to your order.

The New York World seems to have created considerable uneasiness among the bond sharks. Yesterday it said as follows, the words "why" being in large black type: "Why? why? why should the negotiations for such a loan be conducted in secret, be accompanied by inspired misrepresentations, falsification of news and the studied concealment of facts that the people ought to know? Why? why? why does the administration not offer the loan to the people instead of entering into a secret understanding with the head of the syndicate that cornered and squeezed the government in February last?"

As succeeding events develop, are enacted and pass into history, the Cleveland Venezuela manifesto assumes before the civilized world an increasing importance in its relation to present and future national and international affairs. It is undoubtedly one of the most important documents issued since President Lincoln's proclamation freeing the slaves of the south, and its effects promise to be far reaching even to the uttermost parts of the earth. Its importance appears so great in fact that it may, not unreasonably, be the pivotal point on which shall turn the world's history of late nineteenth and twentieth century times.

It is a repulsive idea to any intelligent and independent man, that because he belongs to a party he must always do just what his party requires of him. That he has no right to oppose anything, whatever the party through the regular means proposes. That organization is a necessary thing all admit. That in all organizations majorities should rule is not to be denied. But there is a limit even to party authority. It has no right to say to a man: "If you do not thus and so, you are no longer entitled to party name and honors." There is no manhood in blindly following all the arbitrary orders of a party caucus, and oftentimes such timid submission is injurious to the party.

The ghost business and practical joking break out at intervals of regularly decreasing length and give evidence that the fool-killer is falling behind time in the accomplishment of his

work. Niles, Michigan, furnishes the latest victim in the person of Charles Seeley, a young lad who has completely lost his reason on account of a ghost scare given him a few nights ago by a number of his companions. The mysterious and unexplainable have always held, for even the stoutest hearts, an irresistible horror, and reason has been dethroned and victims have been killed by many a practical joke. It is time that people look for better and less dangerous amusements.

BELLOCSE England has on her hands what in the vernacular of many polished American gentlemen might be termed "a white elephant." England is noted for the wonderful collections of her zoological gardens and along with the rest it is seldom that she does not have a white elephant to exhibit, but this one attracts special attention on account of its extraordinary size and unwieldy proportions. These white elephants are considered by England as creatures of such importance that they are invariably given into the special care of the prime minister, and Lord Salisbury is now the only wizard who, by a wave of his magic wand, can instantly reduce the size of the present ungainly quadruped to somewhere near the normal of English specimens. He can do this wisely by striking off its American parts.

The New York World, a standard democratic journal, says editorially that the syndicate manipulations not only must result in enormous loss to the government, but will lead to great national scandal, the moral effect of which upon the country will be more disastrous than any financial loss could possibly be. It calls upon President Cleveland to reject absolutely the proposition of the syndicate and to leave the result to the people. There can be no doubt, it assures him, that the people, once awakened to the peril of the situation, will pour out their gold from banks and vaults, to recoup the \$40,000,000 deficiency in the reserve. As a voucher of its confidence in this and of its own sincerity the World offers to lead with \$1,000,000 subscription to an issue of 3 per cent bonds or of 4 per cent bonds on a 3 per cent basis.

NOT ALL THE DOCTORS FAULT.
Old Dr. Cleveland finds his troublesome treasury patient again the victim of a fainting spell and is determined to administer large and powerful doses of his famous bond mixture to relieve the distress. There is nothing, from flatulency to baldness, or from ingrowing nails to spinal meningitis that old Dr. Cleveland doesn't profess to cure by this mysterious panacea. It beats all how much sugar-coated humbug and how little practical statesmanship the unnamable quack of the White House uses in his practice.—New York Mail and Express.

Still, the doctor's purpose is good. He does but aim to tap the golden fountain of life, for what is life without gold? As to the purpose we are all agreed. It is as to methods only that we disagree and "Dr. Cleveland" is not altogether to blame after all. If the school of national legislative medics, of which Dr. Cleveland is but the figurative head, will authorize a silver prescription and direct large frequent doses, the foresaid Dr. Cleveland will soon find that he belongs to a school whose materia medica has been rendered entirely obsolete, and the people will have silver—and gold too. Until such legislative action, gold is the only effectual medicine.

OUR PARTISAN SHORTCOMINGS.

The desire of the people of this country is for honest finance, non-interference with industry and business, steady progress in practical reforms and the growth of the country, and peaceful relations with all outside nations. This is the end and aim of all genuinely honest politics. These objects, properly declared, are a sufficient platform for any party, and the abandonment of these legitimate questions for any side issues by any party is an unmistakable evidence of the loss of confidence by the people and of conscious weakness. Politics is not merely a question of greater or less rascality of parties. The great difficulty with our partisan methods is the practice of would-be leaders, who make their living by trading in politics, who ridicule all principles and traduce the motives of those who are controlled in their action and votes by a sincere desire for the best good of the nation and government. The bitter party ferocity which crops out in campaigns is not inspired by differences of opinion on what is the best administrative and executive policy, but almost entirely by the greed for spoils and emoluments which will follow party success. In every election, from that of a ward or township contest to the battle for supremacy for governor or president, the question with the party managers is not what claim the candidates have

upon the people because of their superior fitness for office, but what they are most likely to do in the way of rewards to those who work most zealously for their election.

A Bad State of Feeling.

"I'm hungry, ragged half sick, and dead broke," muttered a tramp yesterday, as he sat down on an old box in a cellar way on Grissoly street. "But it's just my luck. Last fall I got into Detroit just two hours too late to sell my vote. Nobody to blame. Found a big wallet on the streets a few days ago and the marshal came up before I could hide it—luck again. Got knocked down by the express wagon but there was no opening for a suit for damages because I was drunk. Just the way. Last summer nails were way down, I knew there'd be a raise, but I didn't buy and hold for the advance. Lost ten thousand dollars out and out—allus that way with me. Glass went up to 25 per cent, but I hadn't a pane on hand, excepting the pain in my back. Never knew it to fail. Now lumber's gone up, and I don't even own a fence-picket to realize on,—just me again. Fell into the river the other day, but instead of pulling me out and giving me a hot whiskey they pulled me out and told me to leave town or I'd get the bounce,—that's me again. Now I've got settled down here for a bit of rest and a snooze, but I'll be routed out in less than fifteen minutes and I know it. It'll be just my beranged luck."

He settled down, slid his hat over his face and was just beginning to feel sleepy when a hundred pounds of coal rattled down on him.

"I knew it—I knew it!" shouted the tramp, as he sprang up and rubbed the dust off his head. "I said so all the time, and I just wish the darned old hogshhead had come down along with the coal and jammed me through the old box and cellar floor!"

The Gun Hung Fire

The gun, loaded with coarse powder, hung fire, and that's why three hunters who went out to shoot rabbits changed the program somewhat and took to snooting calves.

William W. Jones, a farmer who lives five miles out of town, William Harris, who is employed by him on the farm, and Charles Miles, a neighbor, went out rabbit hunting yesterday. They had a ferret and a couple of shot guns which had been loaded with coarse powder.

The trio surrounded a rabbit burrow, and Harris and Miles stationed themselves to shoot upon the emerging of Brer Rabbit from his doorway, into which Jones had sent the ferret. When the moment to shoot came, Miles' gun missed fire. Just as he dropped it from his shoulder the weapon went off. It was pointed toward Harris, and the load of shot struck the latter in the legs in about seven thousand different places. He came to town, where Dr. Wilson attended to his wounds.

Where It Stands.

THE INDEPENDENT is not much given to boasting, but in view of the many adverse prophecies that were made in the beginning and of the narrow limitations that were placed by many upon its possibilities of success we have some pardonable pride in the fact that we now publish more newspaper issues than all the other papers in the county combined. Not only this, but the name and fame of THE INDEPENDENT has spread even beyond the confines of the county and it is widely and justly regarded as the most thoroughly wide-awake, up-to-date and newsy paper in the county. It ranks, in fact, among the very best papers in its class in the state.

We call attention to these things because we believe it is right and proper to do so. We wish to further state that while the subscription list of THE INDEPENDENT has been steadily on the increase from the beginning it is being added to daily now more rapidly than ever before.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Mr. W. F. Carey, secretary and physical director of the South Bend Y. M. C. A., will be in Plymouth next Thursday afternoon and evening to give advice in planning the gymnasium room for apparatus and in other matters where his counsel has been solicited. Mr. Carey is one of the best physical trainers in the country, and been engaged in the work for eight years. He will be pleased to meet the business men of Plymouth and answer any questions pertaining to association work in any of its features.

Includes Father Muench.

The will of the late Rev. Joseph Nussbaum, of LaPorte, which was admitted to probate the first of the week makes an unique bequest, \$5 being given to each of the priests, thirty-two in number, who attended his obsequies. The sum of \$25 is given to Bishop Rademacher, \$200 to St. Joseph's church, and there are two personal bequests of \$400 and \$500, the latter amount being given to Mrs. Kohn, wife of Prof. Kohn.

Members of the Alpha Pleasure Club are requested to meet at the INDEPENDENT office Wednesday evening at 7:30. Every member should be present. Business of importance.

Late Literary News.

No one ever thought of introducing so expensive a feature as lithographic color work in the days when the leading magazines sold for \$4.00 a year and 35 cents a copy. But times change, and the magazines change with them. It has remained for the Cosmopolitan, sold at one dollar a year, to put in an extensive lithographic plant capable of printing 320,000 pages per day (one color). The January issue presents as a frontispiece a water-color drawing by Eric Pape, illustrating the last story by Robert Louis Stevenson, which has probably never been excelled even in the pages of the finest dollar French periodicals. The cover of the Cosmopolitan is also changed, a drawing of page length by the famous Paris artist Rossi, in lithographic colors on white paper takes the place of the manilla back with its red stripe. Hereafter the cover is to be a fresh surprise each month.

TWIN LAKES.

JANUARY 6.—Miss Bertha Stockgen, who has been working in Ill. and Wis., the past two years, returned home last week.

Mr. Witwer, of Canton, Ohio, a brother-in-law, of J. W. Nichols has been visiting him for a few days.

Henry White returned Tuesday from a visit with friends in South Bend.

The schools in this township will resume their usual work next Monday.

Protracted meetings are in progress under the management of Rev. Rothenberger.

A. B. White left for South Bend last night to visit a sick friend.

Miss Rena Strahecker spent her vacation visiting friends in Laporte and Bourbon.

Messrs. O. E. Hupp and W. S. White and wives of South Bend visited relatives at this place a few days this week.

The supper which Mr. Freesa gave his Sunday school class Wednesday evening was a grand affair. The evening was spent in games, etc., after which a bountiful supper of turkey, oysters, cake, pie, etc., was served.

Mrs. Nelson Warner spent the holidays visiting her parents at Kaneville, Ill.

The teachers of this township will hold their next institute at Sligo January 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanvactor, of Argos, has been visiting Wm. Warner's for a few days.

Mrs. Noah Miller, of Rochester, has been visiting her parents for a few days. Mrs. Miller will be better known as Mary Holm.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Wyrick, of Ellettswood, visited his brother Frank, a few days last week.

HIBBARD ITEMS.

Sleighting is fine at present.

Miss Hattie Wilson is on the sick list this week.

J. Listenberg and wife Sundayed with John Banks and wife.

Chas. Estes made a flying trip to South Bend Friday afternoon.

Miss Hattie Wise was the guest of Hattie Wilson Friday afternoon.

Miss Grace Estes, of Plymouth, was the guest of her father New Years.

Mr. and Mrs. John Listenberg Sundayed with Isaac Wierman and wife.

James Huffman and daughter Lottie Sundayed at LaPaz with Mr. Huffman's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Vancamp were the guests of Frank Shepherd and wife Sunday.

Frank Levanaway, of South Bend, called on friends and relatives here Saturday.

Lizzie Listenberg was the guest of Lottie Burns, of Burr Oak, Saturday and Sunday.

Jesse Rhodes and wife, of Marmont, were the guests of Chas. Lawson and wife Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Moshier and son were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson Sunday.

Mrs. James Wylie has been very sick, but we learn she is much improved at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Clifton and son Lew spent Sunday with Mr. Clifton's sister, Mrs. Iden Brook.

Daniel Savage and family, of Maxinkuckee, were visiting Henry Listenberg and family Sunday.

ARGOS.

Jan. 6, '95.

Ed Turner spent Sunday in Argos.

Miss Bertha Bright spent New Years day at Rochester.

Quite a number of young people are sleigh-riding this week.

The Argos public school began work Monday for the new year.

Evangelistic services are now in progress at the M. E. Church.

The Young Ladies' Guild met with Miss Amia Johnson last Monday evening.

Miss Verne Curtis has purchased the milliner shop formerly owned by Mrs. Clara Allen.

Frank Neely and Miss Fay Becker were quietly married at the Methodist parsonage last Thursday evening, Jan. 2, 1895.

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